2,jth May THE * METAMORPHOSIS OF PYGMALION'S IMAGE,
AND CERTAIN SATIRES '

There is a poem called *The Metamorphosis of Pygmalion* Image,* telling that story of Pygmalion who wrought an image of a woman in ivory, and he hotly wooing it she was suddenly transformed into a woman and returned his love Hereto are adjoined five satires of the men of these times This book is written by one calling himself W K and dedicated ' To the World's Mighty Monarch, Good Opinion *

His DESCRIPTION OF A PURITAN

Who would imagine yonder sober man.
That same devout meal-mouth'd precisian,
That cries ' Good brother/ ' Kind sister/ makes a duel
After the antique grace, can always pluck
A sacred book out of his civil hose,
And at th' op'ning and at our stomach's close,
Says with a turn'd-up eye a solemn grace
Of half an hour , then with silken face
Smiles on the holy crew, and then doth cry,
* O manners [f] O times of impurity '—*
Who thinks that this good man
Is a vile, sober, damned politician [?]
Not I, till with his bait of purity
He bit me sore in deepest usury
No Jew, no Turk, would use a Christian
So inhumanely as this Puritan
Dromedes' jades were not so bestial
As this same seeming saint—vile cannibal[!]
Take heed, O world ' take heed avisedly
Of these same damned anthropophagi
I had rather been within a harpy's claws
Than trust myself in their devouring jaws,
Who all confusion to the world would bring
Under the form of their new discipline

$otb May A FRAY AT OXFORB

Last Sunday at Oxford the Mayor suffered a company of 150 trained soldiers and other young men to go early in the morning to try their pieces, and to return into the city in battle